THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE, ROMANCE, THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XVII. R. BONNER, | EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, | NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1861. | TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. | NO. 3.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

OUR BIRD.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"As when a bird hath flown through the air, there is no token of her way to be found, save the sound of the wings."—Wisdom, xii. 19.

"Come come a bird of merry song,
Bright eye, and plumage rare,
A heavenly vitalant to make
This world of ours more fair.

"It shall cull out the blots of earth,
It think the balmy ray,
And quell's still, enchanting strain
Through the long summer day.

Yet when the leaves begin to fall
At autumn's frosty breath,
It scorn'd to meditate a flight
To some more genial clime.

In its soft nest, 'mid branches green,
We saw its sleeping head,
And then it spread its wing and left
No token where it fled.

No vestige of its fairy form,
Or of its tuneful lay,
Save the large hair in Memory's hoard,
That will not fade away.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 20th, 1861.

SILVERTHORNE;

OR,

THE HEIRS OF CHESWOLD MANOR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF A DEATH BED.

Lorinda awoke as from a deep sleep. At first her senses were strictly confined thus to the realities of nothing. Gradually, however, the terrible scene of storm and danger was unfolded to her memory, but it was apparent to her that she had been saved from death. She remembered the Ledges—how she was driven towards them—how she had given herself up as lost—how she had seen weak down in the boat—and then how she had felt something like the grasp of a human hand upon her arm. It was very faint in her recollection, but she could nevertheless trace it out as it appeared to her relating to a person. She tried to think of more, but she could not. Here she had been saved, or when had transpired since that fatating moment, she could not tell. Finally she opened her eyes, and moved her head upon her pillow. Her first experience was that of pain and languor. Next she looked about to see where she was. It was a very small apartment, simply furnished, and oddly constructed, and the light came from a large lantern suspended from a beam not far from her. While she was thus engaged, she realized that her couch had a rocking motion, sometimes from side to side, and then from head to foot. It very soon appeared to her that she was upon the water—of course in a vessel of some sort—and this must be a cabin. It could not be a large vessel, with so small a cabin, nor could it be such a vessel as she had sometimes sailed in, with a cabin so gayly furnished. She was in a low, narrow bunk, but the bed was soft and warm, and the air was sweet and clean. When she had seen all this, she closed her eyes again, and tried to call something to mind which had not yet appeared, but the effort was fruitless. Presently a sound fell upon her ear, as though some one were moving near her. She looked, and saw a man standing close by, with his back to the lantern. She could not see his face distinctly, but she could see that he was habited in the garb of a sailor; this was not frightened, for surely only friendly hands could have been about her.

"Good sir," she said, slightly lifting her head, "where am I?"

The man moved forward, and rested his hand upon the edge of the bunk, bending over so as to look into her face.

"Fair lady, you are safe, and in the hands of those who will protect you, so have no fears on that score."

The voice sounded familiar, and now that Lorinda could see more of the man, she, too, seemed familiar.

"Are you one of Sir Edward's men?" she asked.

"No, lady. Don't you remember me?"

"I have seen you."

"Yes—and I wish you would tell me where, for I might then determine how far you have recovered from the effects of the terrible ordeal through which you have passed."

He moved so that the light shone upon his face, and she quickly remembered him.

"I saw you at Furworth," she said. "You came with my guardian, and your name is John Durwood?"

"You are right, lady. And now, let me ask of you a favor. I see that you have recovered your senses, but your strength is very low. Rest easy as you are—ask no questions—and in the morning you may be strong enough to be carried to Cheswold."

Lorinda felt the justness of the caution, for the effort she had already made had given new pain to her head, with a sensation of sinking and dizziness. Still she could not be wholly silent. "Where was she?

"You are on board a vessel, which is anchored in a wide grove, some fifteen miles from Cheswold. You are safe, and shall be cared for as though a parent's hand were here to soothe you."

How came she there?

Durwood urged her to ask no more.

And yet one question: How long to morning?

"It is now only a little past midnight. Here is a draught which I have prepared. It is very simple, and will soothe and quiet you. Drink it, and then rest. As soon as the day breaks we will send to Cheswold, and let your guardian know where you are."

Durwood held a cup towards her as he spoke, and, without hesitation, she took it and drank its contents. The taste was agreeable, and almost instantly did she feel a soothing effect. Three minutes elapsed, and then she was left her. She closed her eyes, but she did not go quickly sleep. She had something to think about, much, much. She knew that Durwood was a smuggler. Then was she not now on board a smuggling vessel, and surrounded by a smuggling crew? The conclusion was natural, and yet it gave her no uneasiness. And there was one more thought: When Durwood was at Farworth, there was another with him. Might not that other person be also on board the vessel? Might he not be now here? And so, from John Durwood, with his kindly face and shrewd, honest talk, the maiden's thoughts wandered off to another, with a younger, fairer face, whose hair curled into silver threads woven with its raven locks for years to come, and there her thoughts rested until she fell asleep. Strange how thoughts will sometimes run!

When Lorinda next awoke, the light of day was shining into the small cabin, and she could plainly see that the sun had risen clear and bright. But what was this new motion which she felt? She remembered the rocker over her head, and why were those mossy feet hurrying so upon the deck? And the din of voices, which mingled with the rattle of ropes and the flapping of canvas—why was it? She raised herself upon her elbow, and looked out from her bunk. There was a female sitting close by, who arose and came towards her. She was a middle-aged woman—perhaps rather beyond that, for as she came, into the stronger light, the lines of time were more visible upon her features. She was small in stature, full and fair in form, neatly, though poorly clad, and wore ing, upon a face that must once have been very beautiful, an expression of great, lovely kindness. The countenance was familiar—not in that of an acquaintance, but as one that had been seen at some former time.

"Dear lady," spoke the attendant, in a low, soft tone, at the same time reaching up and pressing her hand lightly upon the maiden's shoulder, "I hope you feel better now."

Lorinda felt better than she had felt when she was awake before, and so she said. But who was she? A Margaret Rowland. I think you have seen me before."

Ay—Lorinda knew her now very well, for she had seen her often upon the beach, and she remembered more the story of her life. She had been the wife of one of the most daring of the smugglers of the Ledges. Her husband had been dead for several years, and she had since lived in a small cot upon the beach, where the sick and exhausted seafarer found a shelter and a home. Lorinda knew her, and trusted her.

Margaret had food and drink at hand, but before the maiden partook she wished to know what was going on. Why was all that disturbance?

"Be not alarmed," replied Margaret. "It shall all come out right in the end. But you will not reach Cheswold quite so soon as has been promised."

By this Lorinda had raised herself to a sitting posture, and as her kind attendant placed pillows behind her, she not very comfortable. There was no pain in her head, nor was there any of that sensation of sinking from fear she had before experienced. She felt that she was weak, and that fatigue was some slight pain in her limbs, but otherwise she did not suffer. She was glad to hear was she did hear next.

"What is it?" she asked, with some concern. "The vessel is sailing. Is it not so?"

"You are right, lady, but there is no cause for alarm. Do you know the character of this vessel?"

"I suppose it must be a smuggler."

"Ah—how gained you that knowledge?"

"John Durwood has been here, and I know that such is his occupation."

"Aye—and John Durwood called for me to come and attend you. Hark! Here he is now. Ah, Durwood, the lady is much better, though she is somewhat anxious to know why she is sailing away from the shore, and you have come just in season to answer her. She knows your occupation."

This last had been addressed to the man himself, who had come down as now by the fair patient was getting on. He smiled as he approached the side of the bunk, and put forth his hand, which Lorinda grasped at once.

"Then you know that I am a smuggler?" he said.

"Yes," she replied. "My guardian told me so on that evening after you had gone away from Farworth."

"And yet you will trust me?"

"Yes, sir—with the confidence of my inmost soul."

"Then trust me when I assure you that all is then for well," resumed the old man. He pressed her hand with gentle, fervent emotion; and then added: "I told you that you should be carried to your home this morning; but it cannot be. Since you know the character of our vessel, you must also know how liable we are to be forced to flee from danger. Early this morning several of our people went on shore to make arrangements for your removal. While they were engaged, we were surprised by a party of revenue officers, and forced to flee. We escaped them for the time, and made our way to Margaret Rowland's cot, where we found a kind nurse for you. She was anxious to accompany us, that she might render you such assistance as she could. Now, my good friend, you, we supposed, we should be able to convey you to Cheswold during the evening. However, as we were compelled by in our boat, it being then bound daylight, we were again discovered by the officers, and they quickly found a boat, and gave us chase. There was nothing left for us to do but to make all haste, and escape the best way we could. We succeeded in getting out to the open sea. And so, lady, you may be forced to remain in your present quarters till night comes again. You will not blame us; for, on your part, a storm no longer can have power, and, on our part, a storm necessity compels us to the step we have taken. And, furthermore, let me hope that you will suffer no uneasiness. Perhaps, lady, it is best that I tell you. You will have time for rest now; and such medicines as you may need are at hand."

Lorinda had at first shown signs of disappointment; but she showed none now.

"I am content," she said. "Indeed, I owe you too much to feel otherwise. Simple gratitude would demand more, would lead me to do with a good grace. And now, sir, since I am quite enough to listen, will you tell me how I came here?"

"Certainly, fair lady. But wait a moment, and let me see if I am wanted on deck."

Durwood went up, and very soon returned.

"We are safe," he said. "The officers cannot follow us. Then he drew a stool up to the side of the bunk, and sat down.

"I don't suppose you remember much after your barge was swept by the breaking flood of the Ledge?"

"No," replied Lorinda. "I remember of being knocked down; and I have a faint recollection of being drawn up over the side, but that is nothing more."

"When I rescued Durwood," your boat was soon when the squall struck it, and anxious eyes were watching it, for it was known that the lady of Farworth had gone out with Jack Spencer and his crew when the storm had been first anticipated upon. As your frail, disabled bark was driven nearer to the point from whence you were observed, it was seen that your companion was gone, and that you were all alone. And, furthermore, it was plainly seen that you were being driven directly upon the Ledges. If you had no help you would be surely lost. It was a terrible scene—the dark sea, lashed by the mad storm—the dismasted, helpless barge, tossed and driven by the gale—and the female, powerless girl, hastening on to swift destruction. And it needed a stout, bold heart, and a strong arm, to meet the necessity of that awful hour. But, there lived such a heart, and such an arm, within at that. Upon the beach was a surf-boat, small and light, fitted with oars, and made an attempt to ride the breaking waves, and float up from the whelming flood. Into this leaped a single man, who put forth for the work. Steadily and tirelessly did he breast the raging storm; and if he had a fear, it was for the being he would save. Many times was he completely buried in the sea, but the buoyant little boat struggled bravely up; and finally the barge was reached—and reached, too, with not a moment to spare. The boatman was lashed to his seat, and his good paddles were secured in their places, so he had both his stout arms free; and, fearing no danger from the concussion to his own little craft, he dashed alongside the barge, and seized the sinking, fainting maiden by the shoulder, and gained a hold upon her arm. In a moment more the barge was upon the rocks, and the rended fragments were tossed high in the air. But the skiff was pulled quickly back, and forced around under the lee of the Ledge; for the ocean of the wreck was at the very outer extremity of the reef; so the passage back was made without much further danger. For shelter the boatman pulled at once towards his vessel, which lay in a cove, sheltered from the storm; and there he was fought arrived, and delivered his charge to those who were lester able to take care of her than he was. It was almost a miracle; and yet I doubt if another man of all our crew could have borne up under the wondrous labors of that fearful passage."

The old man stopped, and for some moments the silence was only broken by the sounds from overhead. At length Lorinda spoke. Her voice was low and tremulous, and there was a look of deep earnestness upon her face.

"Who saved me? Was it you?"

"No, lady. He who saved you was stouter and stronger than I. You know him as you had seen me ere you now saw him. He even helped save your guardian. You remember Edgar Clifton?"

"Yes."

"He it was who saved you."

"And he does not come near me now?"

"He is not at sea."

"Is he hurt? Did he suffer in his efforts for me?"

"It is nothing dangerous, lady. He was somewhat bruised and exhausted, and needs rest; but he will soon get over it."

"John Durwood, you tell me truly? He is not seriously injured?"

"No. It is as I have said. I would not deceive you. And now, that you know all, you, too, rest. Margaret will attend upon you, and consider to all your wants."

With this Durwood left the cabin, and when he reached the deck, Lorinda lay back upon her pillow and closed her eyes. Did she sleep? Ah, no. Did she think? She must have thought. And of what?—Ayo, of what? Go ask a woman's heart!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HERO, AND THE HEROINE.

Towards the middle of the forenoon Lorinda felt strong enough to sit up and partake of some refreshment which Margaret had prepared for her. She was very much refreshed, and very much warmed that it imparted new vigor to her frame, and the first one who so nicely availed her was enriched it much. Later in the day she resumed her clothing, which had been dried and prepared, and towards the close of the afternoon she expressed a wish to go on deck. Margaret went up, and when she returned she brought two men with her, one of whom was Durwood, the other being introduced as Captain Barbrat. The name was familiar to her, as it was to every one at all acquainted with the coast of Lancashire. The bold and daring smuggler-catcher, Duncan Barbrat, was one of the notabilities of the Irish Sea, as he was one of the wonders of fireside story-tellers. He was a middle-aged man; of medium size; muscular and sinewy; with a face very far from ill-looking. He was of a rough, bold presence; but there was a hearty frankness in his manner, and no cautious censoriety in his professions of friendship, which at once beguiled confidence. He could be no secret foe.

"My fair lady," he said, extending his broad, hard hand, "they tell me you would like to come upon deck."

"Yes, sir," she replied, giving him her hand as though he had long been her true friend for years.

He marked her manner; and it touched him quickly, as could be seen in the warmer light of his eyes, and in the kindly glow upon his bronzed cheek.

"Are you feel strong enough?" he asked, gazing into her sweet face with a look of admiration.

"O, yes, sir. I think I should find better in the fresh air."

"Anything, my dear lady, which we can do for your comfort, shall be done at once, and cheerfully." The chieftain cold, still gazing down into her fair face. "Not only for the sake of yourself would we do it, but also out of the regard we have for your noble guardian. Sir Edward Silverthorne has been no friend to the honest we fellows; but he has, on more than one occasion, proved himself a true and faithful friend to those of our band who, in the hour of misfortune and need, have fallen in his way. So, though you may see rough faces here, you will fear no danger."

"In truth, good sir," spoke Lorinda, with deep sincerity, "I have seen enough of earth and earthly things, to show me that a rough face may wear the largest of a kind and generous heart. I have already received my life at the hands of your people; and of more, were by no means villains in look. Most of them had a bold, reckless bearing; and they were, in truth, a rough, hardy set, inured to toil and danger; ready to meet either friend or foe; and unmindful to a frigid discipline. Our fair heroine saw little there calculated to garner the higher and better traits of life; she saw little there in keeping with the purer elevation of the moral nature; but, for all this, she saw nothing besides men than she had expected. The smugglers of the Irish Sea were as they had been painted.

The breeze was fresh and pure, and as it swept Lorinda's brow, she felt stronger than before. She breathed more freely, and the blood started in a more fresh and healthful circulation. The sun was low down towards the western horizon, and the vessel was sailing very nearly in the direction of the point where it would set. She saw that land, faintly looming up in the distance; and as she stood gazing upon it, the captain, who had been mercurely watching her, approached her, and spoke:

"You see the land, lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what it is?"

"No," she replied, thinking, sir, that it must be the coast of Ireland, as we are sailing towards the setting sun."

"And does the thought trouble you?"

"I was somewhat startled from the vagaries of her first emotions, she would have confessed that it was somewhat trouble, but she believed they were doing the best they could for her, so she said that she did not.

"Were I not sure that you would serve me to the best of your power," she added, "I might feel some uneasiness at thus being borne so far from my home."

"You are right, lady, in both cases. That is the best we can do for you, and would serve you to the best of our ability. We meant to have landed you before noon; but a government vessel was on our track during the first half of the day, and we were forced to keep away to the southward. And now, I can only say—you shall be returned to your home at the earliest possible moment. And now as may as you can."

With this Barbrat turned to the helmsman, and gave him some orders to keep on the deck. There was one of the crew whom she had not seen before, and whom she looked for with a strange eagerness and flattering of heart. She had not long to wait. She could not resist the desire to know, and she turned to Margaret Rowland, who was standing near, and asked where Edgar Clifton.

"It is the forecastle," replied Margaret; "and he is much better than he was. He has been on deck since noon. Durwood says he will soon be well again; for he is young and strong, and has a constitution that will withstand with strike."

"I am glad of that," ejaculated the maiden, a beaming in her attendant had fairly closed.

"Be am I," added Margaret; "for he is a noble youth—the best I ever know. We all love him, and—and—the crew vouch were any injury to befall him." She cast her eyes about as though she would be sure that no one else overheard her, and then she continued, "He isn't much like those with whom he has to keep company. Not that they are bad men—for they are not. They are better at heart than agreed many who persecute them. But he is of a different turn of mind. He was cast in a different mould, like; and is different every way."

Had Margaret Rowland went on to tell of many generous, brave deeds which Elroy Clifton had done. The theme was one in which her

best sympathies were enlisted, and she spoke warmly, and even eloquently.

It was remarkable how patiently the fair young heiress of Faverwind listened. Aye, more,—how deeply absorbed she was by her companion's recital, and how the color came and went upon her cheeks, and how her bosom rose and fell! And yet she was not surprised. No, no,—it was all natural. Three glowing lights were but parts of a system, which, by some marvellous means, had become fixed in her mind.

The sun could behold the long line of the coast, and on the air of evening grew more chill, would, even before, where her supper was soon prepared. She sat with a keen relish; and when she finally rested her head upon her pillow, she felt that all danger from the night air and the exposure to the storm was passed. When she awoke in the morning she felt no pain, no distance; but the old feeling of strength and buoyancy of spirit was in her soul. She dressed herself and eat her breakfast, and then went out deck. Land was still in sight; but not over the bows, as before, though it was still to the westward. The shore was now upon her left hand, and the brig was running to the northward. All—and she could see other sail-boats, as the morning sun drove away the mist from the surface of the sea—and upon the opposite bow. She was wondering what this could mean when Capt. Bassford approached, and addressed her.

"Do you know where you are?" he asked, after he had spoken touching her health.

"No, sir," she replied. "I was just thinking if I could imagine."

"Well, lady, we're in the North Channel. That land off here is the coast of the County of Antrim. The city of Belfast lies over to the starboard beam, just over the larboard beam. The land which you see over the starboard bow is a piece of the Scottish coast. Away over the starboard quarter, if you look sharp, you can see the Isle of Man. We've been forced to make this run; but you'll soon see we'll lose sight of the coast of Cumberland, and so run down to Lonnesboro this evening. If nothing unusual happens, you shall be landed within four-and-twenty hours. So keep up a brave heart, and make the best of your trip; for the may be the last cruise you'll ever make in a smuggler."

He smiled as he said this, and Lorinda quickly replied:

"I hope, sir, that I may never fare worse."

"So do I," added Bartlett. He smiled again, and then turned away to attend the sailing of his vessel.

By and by Lorinda went below, where she found a boat that engaged her attention for an hour, or, after which she entered into a conversation with Margaret, who enlightened her considerably upon the habits and customs and habilities of the English smugglers. At length Mr. Bassford came down, and made an entry upon one or two topics that were of no possible interest, he intimated that he had an errand to deliver.

"My dear lady," he said, in a hesitating manner, "I thought you might like to know that Elroy is not dead. He has come out bright and fresh this morning, and his hand is almost as strong as his tongue ever was. When he spoke for you, I thought I'd bring him down at once, but he wouldn't come—wouldn't hurry up on you. Perhaps you'd like to see him. If you would, I know he would be pleased to see you, though I didn't let him know that I was coming on this errand."

"I would like to see him," returned Lorinda; "I would like very much to see him."

Perhaps Bernard thought she spoke coolly; but, if he did, he could have felt the flutter in her heart which she felt at here—if he could have felt the warm blood rushing through her veins, she felt it rushing through his. He would have seen a light which did not then cast its beams upon him. However, he went out as soon as he presently returned with Elroy Clifton. The youth was dressed in a neat, newly made sailor's garb; and as he removed his hat the raven curls fell over a brow somewhat paler than it had been before, but none the less beautiful for that. He advanced, and extended his hand. His step was tremulous, and there was a quiver of the nether lip as he spoke:

"Lady—thank God you are alive and well! Is this voice and eye for me? Oh, I was again to be soon this be struggled hard to speak calmly.

What should Lorinda Verbrook answer? She gave him her hand, but her lips failed her. There were many thoughts crowding upon her, and rushing through her mind. She remembered the meeting at Faverwind, and the feelings she had then experienced; she remembered the dreadful storm—the wreck—the black, fatal rocks—the whirling sea—and the high, approach of death. And then she bore in her heart of hearts the picture, as Durwood had painted it—of the daring, struggling champion, who had manfully pledged his arm and his life—of the battling with the sea—of his battling with death—of his fainting—of watching, his fortunes, and his victory—the victory which gave her back to life, and which was now complete until she had been wholly cared for. All this was working in the maiden's soul as soon as she gazed up and met the glance of those tenderly anxious eyes; and it was more than she could bear. As her lips finally moved, the flood burst forth, and she bowed her head upon his bosom.

"Bless you! O! God bless you!"

It was a low, murmuring cry, like the wail of a sobbing child; and for those moments she lay there upon the breast of him who had saved her, seeming than to say, before Heaven—Here is my Heaven!

John Durwood crept away upon deck, and Margaret Rowland followed him. Somehow they felt that they were not in their proper places in the cabin. The movement was not the result of forethought, but a simple impulse of instinct.

Elroy Clifton was the first to discover that they had gone, and when he had fed the maiden to a seat, he turned slowly upon his eyes, and to gain some control over his emotions. For some time a single moment—then was a full, unbroken silence. Lorinda struggling in his mind; but with a start, of-course, the surprise he put it from him, and closed his eyes to his blinding doubt.

"Lady," he said, speaking now as calmly as such emotion would, "it is under strange circumstances that we meet. When I saw you on Faverwind, and there left you, I little thought that our next meeting would be as it was. You have been the angel. Durwood has told you. True, I saved you; and I struggled hard to do it, and when I knew that you were well—when I knew that I had accomplished all my full reward. The deed itself was a blessed one to me. And now once again—you, the Lady of Faverwind,—the poor smuggler. And yet, from my humble place I shall claim the privilege of looking up and feeling that we are friends. So far as my confidence can go which rests deep down in the soul, fastening not upon the distinctions of society, but deriving life from the impulses of the heart in its native emotions, I shall feel that we are equals;—yes, equals only thus far. I will not presume upon it—I will not stop beyond it. And so, lady, may I take your hand once more?"

She gave it to him; but she did not speak.

"There," he said, holding the small, fair hand as tenderly as though it had been an infant's, "I think we understand each other now. Further on if I seem bold in thus hastening to such a conclusion; but the remarkable circumstances under which we were thrown together, I feel, should but speak what I believe to be false did I say that you are not grateful. But, I speak truly when I say that I lay that warm, rich gratitude away in the heart as the full reward for what I have done. And now, let me be still your friend, feeling anxious for your welfare until you are once more within the care of your kind guardian; and, beyond that, I have no thought. Do you understand me?"

Lorinda understood him very well; and, for the first time, a pressure of sadness came upon her gratitude. She told him this—told it with her eyes, though her lips were sealed—and she controlled it in fluttering tones, which gradually grew stronger and calmer. She told him that she appreciated his noble conduct of the present hour as much as she did that of the past; that she would be snatched her from the death-grasp of the fearful storm. And when she had told him this, she asked him to sit down and talk with her. And he did so. And they talked. They talked of many things, but mostly of the storm; for he had to tell the many pent-up adventures of the past, and they talked as though he were the humble, and unpretending, and she, the opposite boy which difference in station was to be a safe barrier and good guard against those feelings of regard which were dangerous arrows from his tiny, bow.

How wise they were—how very prudent and thoughtful!

CHAPTER IX.

A LAND PASSAGE.

Just as the sun was about to disappear on the horizon the smuggler brig dropped her anchor in one of the snug, cozy coves of Lonnesboro. The spot which was some five-and-twenty miles distant, and Lorinda, who was still upon deck, looked upon on board the brig another sight. It would be but before she could reach the mansion. But it was rather a wild country over which she would have to ride, though the roads were good and safe; Durwood thought she had better wait; and he himself had business which would detain him from the mansion herself. This evening she spent in the company of her new, but dear friends, and the present, and on, during most of the time, were the subjects of conversation. The smuggler brig was free and natural, flowing in genial strains, and marked by intelligence, and sound sense, and good humor. Dearest Bernard, with a mind of more than ordinary weight of mind, and his stores and philosophizings were brought into requisitioning; but it was the speech of the other two that the girl most admired and remembered. She had before had occasion to remark that Durwood and Clifton displayed evidences of a high order of intellect, but that they also evinced a degree of refinement which was unusual with men who were among the higher classes. On the present occasion this quality appeared more than ever palpably. The youth touched upon topics of art and science, and history and literature, and discussed them with interest and understanding.

When Lorinda retired to her room for the night to herself, and wondered how the youth had gained such an education. Then, again, how, possessing very strange shoot it; and, when she saw, she understood. Elroy had escaped from his oppression under cover of humble disguise; she dreamed of Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp; and she dreamed of the Arabian Caliph of Bagdad. She thought John Durwood was the Caliph, and that Margaret Rowland was Scheherazade. Margaret Rowland was the gentle Scheherazade. Margaret Rowland was the loves of the youthful pair. It was a very entertaining dream, and a very interesting one; but the maiden was finally aroused from the fabled scenes by the sound of a human voice; and the gorgeous apartments of the royal palace of Bagdad faded away, and she was involved into the narrow cabin of the smuggler brig.

Lorinda arose, and dressed herself, and eat her breakfast, and then went upon deck to see once more to see her. He told her that he had engaged horses, and that they would be ready for her at the time she host reached the shore.

"Of course Margaret will accompany you," he said, "as she is anxious to reach her own home. But, unfortunately, I shall be obliged to be sent a guide with you. The way is not only somewhat intricate and dubious, but it would not be well for you to travel alone in the alone. Elroy Clifton needs a little recreation, and as usual exercise, and he will accompany you. I would go also; but I cannot well spare him just now, as we are about to commence. Besides, though Clifton is hardly able to stand the tag of breaking about at home, he is by no means enough to protect you. Still, I think his more presence will be a safeguard, and I can spare him easily enough."

Lorinda knew, fair lady," he said, "that your presence will be a source of pleasure to me, and a pleasant one."

"I'm ready, good sir," the maiden answered, with simple promptness, "if will be a most happy and grateful relief to me to get upon the solid shore to show you, in some more substantial manner, how deeply I thank you."

"Bravo, lady. Think kindly of us when you think of us at all. And now—for—the—well, there's the guide on the shore, and I think that all will, I hope, be safe and pleasant."

He turned and spoke to Elroy, and Lorinda went over the side, into the boat. She there met her foot for all was about ready to start. She found the horses in waiting under charge of Elroy Clifton and a groom. Margaret was there, as Durwood led her up, and when he had bid them a cheerful farewell, he said—

"Please me to be there, lady, for I would not, on any account, be a trespasser. My own home is not far off, and when my duties call, I'll see the captain's own plan, given to me rather as an order than otherwise. Still, I am free to confess that, if such be your desire, it will afford me the genuine pleasure to accompany you. I trust you will speak frankly."

"As frankly and truly as possible, sir," returned the maiden, smiling. "I will not say that I like to ride over such a country as the captain has pointed this to me, without a sense of trepidation; and so, in the capacity of friend and guide, I am sure you have won tried, I may venture to accept your companionship and guidance on the present occasion. Captain Bartlett explained it all to me."

John Durwood, when he came to bid the lady good bye, expressed the hope that he should see her again.

"If ever you pass my place of abode, you surely will," Lorinda replied. "for it is my earnest desire that you call upon me when you have opportunity. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, and shall meet you with pleasure."

Durwood thanked her, and having bidden her farewell and God speed, he turned to his boat.

The party upon the shores watched the skimming canoe until it had rounded a point of land from their sight, and then they sought their seats in the saddle. The horses were fresh and wild, and gave promises of performing the journey kindly and safely.

For an hour they rode on through a broken tract of country, the conversation turning upon the different objects which met their view; but gradually the two younger people regained less themes of special interest, and Margaret lagged behind. At length it came about that Lorinda could legitimately ask her companion concerning the softer years, and she did so.

"I would not, pray you question," she said; "but still I feel an interest to know. You have mentioned that Elroy Clifton was a boy who had become better acquainted with your life; for," she added, with a little hesitation, "I do not think there can be anything you would wish to conceal from me."

"You are right there, lady," the youth returned, frankly. "All that I could wish to conceal, under any circumstances, you already know. As for the rest, you will find little of interest in its recital; but still I will tell it to you. My father was a sea-faring man, and was lost at sea by the sea-shore. My father was a fisherman, and I was born and bred upon the sea-shore when I was very young. For several years after my father died I used to help my mother about the cot, and sometimes went with the fishermen upon the coast; and sometimes I helped them perform other kinds of work. When I was about twelve years old my uncle brother came to visit us, and he finally proposed to take me with him, and bring me up to his own business. I was glad to go with my uncle, and he was a smuggler; but I did not hesitate long upon that point. My uncle was rich, and was forced to associate about my home even low and humble people. Besides, I was a boy, and had no thought of the kind. My uncle was a fisherman, and I was a fisherman, and that was the end of it. So I went with my people, and have been with them ever since. For several years after I left home I used to write to my mother, and I could see by her letters that she was getting on well. But I never received any letters from her after I had been gone about two years, and I could only conclude that she was dead. I have never been to see her. He told her that he had engaged horses, and that they would be ready for her at the time she host reached the shore.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

REPLY

TO "I LOOK NOT TO THE SKIES FOR THEE."

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

I.

You look not to the skies for me,
No matter how drifts
And beautiful may be my gifts
Their starry mansions shine;
Nor even think of me at home
Beneath a brighter, happier dome.

II.

Ah, yes! but still keep singing that
At death we did not part;
That still my loved one glitters in
The chambers of thy heart,
And there, with an angelic smile,
Beckon evermore her angelic vow.

III.

My own, my glorious wedded one!
Thy spirit is too keen
To look even at a minted star,
When crowding by are gems
For her who is love's mystery
More than a living pearl of love.

IV.

You! you? O soul-entrancing bliss!
Thy Ayrdine still loans
With love eternal to thine own
Beside thy spirit's armour;
Not even with the starry crown
But to thy true heart heart her Heaven!

JOHN DAWSON'S RUIN;

OR,

THE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

MARY DAWSON is an American woman, and the refinement of her manners and her graceful address point unmistakably to the better class of country life in which she moved in her early years. Her story, simple but sad, I have had from her own lips, and will give it in her own readers. In the hope that at least one valuable suggestion may be drawn from it; namely, that of the extreme danger of placing the slightest temptation in the way of the reformed drunkard, or of administering spirituous stimulants, even if disguised in the prescriptions of medical practitioners.

"My father," said Mary Dawson, "was a thriving merchant in a New England seaport town. We were respectable people, and associated on terms of entire equality with all our neighbors, unless it might be with two or three old families who lived in handsome mansions in the east end of the town, and, by reason of good lineage, aristocratic associations, and superior culture and fortune, made a little circle of their own, into which the people of the village never entered, though there was no positive exclusion on the two classes the kindest neighborly offices on occasion.

"I had a good education, for my parents, without much book-knowledge of their own, yet knew how to value it and the power it gives, and my brother and I were always always at school. I went to the village academy as a great child, and my brother might have gone to college if he had chosen, for my father, though he exacted a due economy of his household, was willing to spend money that we might learn and rise in station.

"But Everard was a wild boy, and cared little for books. When he was about sixteen years of age, a son of one of the 'mansion-house' families, a few years older than himself, and equally wild and wayward, came home after a long absence. This young man had run away two or three years before, and had gone to sea. And now he returned a coarse, swaggering fellow, fluent and reckless in speech, to fire the imaginations of all the wild village boys with his stories of adventure, of the wonderful sights he had strange, foreign countries he had visited.

"Everard began to expostulate at home on evil, or life, and to express his desire to become a seaman. The more he was opposed, the more violent his desires grew. He neglected his school, was disobedient and wayward, and at last he allowed his mind to be entirely filled with the one thought of running away. He listened with eager delight to the wild stories of the young sailor, and poisoned the atmosphere of our home with the mingled odors of tar, and tobacco, and whiskey, which he could seem to us the same Everard whom for so many years we had known, whose boyish prejudice and spirit had made brightness wherever he went.

"I was now the sole comfort of my parents, and I used to reply their sad looks to me, and to think that I would never leave them, that I could never find any one to be loved them, and that as Everard no longer cared for us, or for his home, save for the convenience of a meal or a night's lodging, we were the happiest of the two sure to cost from our hearts. He had at last allowed his mind to be entirely filled with the one thought of running away, and poisoned the atmosphere of our home with the mingled odors of tar, and tobacco, and whiskey, never

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

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THE PUSH FAMILY.

There are men who take a pushing position at their entrance into the world of business, and keep, as it were, the right shoulder forward and the left leg extended, in one continuous, unrelaxing effort against all impediments to their progress, until they are finally brought up and prostrated by that grim athlete to whom the most indomitable must at last succumb. Now this sort of shouldering indicates energy, and energy is in itself a good thing; but like wit it is only "a good thing *well applied*." Men sometimes make their way to wealth, to place, to power, by pushing down and overstriding every moral barrier which lies between them and their objects. This is a money-and-man-worshipping generation, and if the end is obtained it sanctions the means in the eyes of the majority. But, after all, your go-ahead knave, your millionaire whose dollars smell of usury, and fraud, and treachery, has no real friends, and, what is still worse, he knows it. He feels that but for the gold plating which overlays the hideousness of his moral nature, the feet that do his bidding would spurn him as he walked, and that only his bank account lies between himself and the world's open execration. Does this result of pushing *pay?* Is not Dives jealous of his own gold? Does he not envy, even in *this* world, many an honest Lazarus, whom he has pushed over in his unscrupulous career? There can be no doubt of it; for there is one thing your knavish pusher cannot do—he cannot push down his conscience!

And, after all, what is he but a fool. His energy—the gift of God—rightly employed, would have enriched him honorably. Why, even on merely pecuniary grounds, should this gift be prostituted to base purposes, when it is as certain as that the sun rises in the East and sets in the West, that by its legitimate exercise temporal success may be achieved, without wear and tear of conscience, or offence to God or man? We often hear successful rogues called "smart men." They deserve no such title. The dotard who should insist on making his way by a subterranean passage charged with foul vapors, and infested with reptiles, to some object which he could reach with equal certainty by the open highway, with pure air and bright sunshine to sustain and cheer him on his march, would deserve about as much credit for worldly wisdom, as he who pushes on after wealth, without regard to moral obligations.

WILL VS. APPETITE.

A man's mind, like his body, strengthens by use, and this is especially true of the *will*. It is held by many very excellent philanthropists that some men cannot control their appetites. They say, for example, that an individual may have such a special proclivity to intemperance that he cannot, despite the voice of his reason, his conscience and his interest, keep sober by the exercise of his will. If the inebriate be of unsound mind, this doctrine applies; but not otherwise. In any other case it is as false in logic as it is impolitic and mischievous. It is not that the debauchee's appetites are by nature too strong for his volition, but that he exercises and pampers his appetites, and prostitutes the restraining power which God has given for good purposes to bad ones. He *wills* to make a beast of himself, because he experiences a certain pleasure, such as it is, in placing himself on a level with the brutes.

Next summer an asylum for inebriates is to be opened at Binghamton, in this State; and too much praise cannot be awarded to the projectors and founders of the institution. Of the mode of treatment to be pursued there we are not informed, but we believe that the only way to make a drunkard *a man*, is to cultivate the moral strength of his will. Restraint will not work a permanent cure. He must be taught to depend, under Providence, upon *himself*, for reformation. His great lesson should be self-denial. He should be taught to fight with *all* his weaknesses. His will, so long obstinate in the wrong, must be made, if possible, as obstinate in the right. The very fact of his previous dogged and desperate adherence to the evil—for be it understood that no man is a drunkard except *wilfully*—is a proof that, under a proper perception of his duty and his powers, he can be as resolute for the good. Instead of treating him as a patient laboring under a disease, or as a victim of a principle in his nature and constitution, beyond his own control—show him that he possesses *inherently* the power of emancipating himself by self-effort from the domination of his appetite. This will be better than pity and sympathy. There is manhood in the weakest of us, if it can only be thoroughly waked up.

A HINT TO MATCH-MAKING MOTHERS.

Some mothers have the idea that a young gentleman is no match for one of their daughters unless, to use their own language, he can "support her in the style to which she has been accustomed." Old Jones lives in a big, brown-stone house, with twenty thousand dollars' worth of rosewood and carpets in it; therefore, let no man presume to address Miss Jones who cannot provide and maintain a big brown-stone house and twenty thousand dollars' worth of rosewood and carpets. A most preposterous notion, this. A better rule we beg most respectfully to suggest to the occupants of brown-stone palaces: Let no young man be considered a proper match for a young lady unless he can take her to as good a house, and provide her as large an income, as her parents enjoyed when *they* were married!

MODERN BOYS.

Shylock's remark to Portia—

"How much more elder art thou than thy looks—"

might be appropriately addressed to many a modern boy. Not a few of our city young gentlemen claim the privileges of manhood long before they come to their beards, or even to the rudimental down which precedes the same. The worst of the matter is that their claims are tolerated by grown people. At fourteen years of age the modern boy of the fast class acquires a night key, and makes late use of it. He is critical in his cavendish, a judge of cigars and meerschaums, can talk of dry wines and full bodied wines, knows the entire list of "fancy drinks" by heart, patronises the opera, refers to "*my* tailor," "*my* bootmaker," and "*my* hatter," as if he had purchased those respectable tradesmen and held them in fee simple, has his little bill at the livery stable, and making up in assurance what he lacks in size and muscle, insists on associating with his "biggers and betters" on terms of equality.

We have something too much of this in New York, and if some of our eminent money-scrapers would now and then take their eyes off their growing heaps, and look after their growing sons, it would be good moral economy. The taverns in this city have no better customers than youths of from fourteen to nineteen years old. We are not speaking now of the class called in vulgar parlance the "riff raff," but of the sons of respectable parents, holding high social and business positions. If fathers are ignorant of these facts, the police are not. They know full well that on any given midnight, hundreds of young hopefuls, belonging to the "first families," as the phrase is, may be seen carousing in the fashionable restaurants and drinking saloons (and not a few in groggeries of a lower class,) with very questionable associates. Let parents remember that "the boy is father to the man," and look to these matters before it is too late.

A BIT OF CITY LIFE.

A young man from a neighboring State, the cutting of whose eye-teeth had been sadly neglected, lately came to this city for the purpose of seeing the sights and having a good time. He saw many sights, and had a good time that was unbroken by the slightest unpleasantness until one blue Monday morning, when he made the acquaintance of a couple of "fine young fellows," who invited him to ride over to a Long Island race-course with them, to see a trot between Patchen and Flora Temple, which they said was to come off that afternoon. They were going over early, they said, as they were half-owners of Patchen, and wanted to look after his condition, the more especially as they had bet large sums on him. Our young friend being anxious to see a trot, gladly accepted a seat in the carriage of his high-spirited friends. They crossed at the Green Point ferry, and drove off—where, or in what direction, the excited youth is unable to say. He only knows that after a while they stopped in "a lonesome sort of place," and told him he must hand over his watch, pocket-book, and whatever else he had that was worth taking, on pain of having his throat cut from ear to ear. He of course "handed over." They then told him to get out of the carriage and run across the field before him to the woods, declaring (as each drew a revolver) that if he even so much as once looked behind him before he reached the forest, they would "riddle him." He of course ran, and looked not back. When, some time afterwards, he cautiously stole out of the woods into the road, he luckily came upon a farmer on his way to Brooklyn, who gave him a lift in his wagon, and lent him two cents to pay his ferriage. Fortunately, he had a few dollars in his valise at his hotel, and paying his bill, he started for home, where, it is to be hoped, he arrived in safety.

POOR FELLOWS!

It is not an uncommon thing to hear city-bred exquisites say they do not like the country. They can endure Nature for a week or so; but after that she is a bore. They find rural life so fearfully dull—no theatre, no restaurants, no politics, no small talk, nobody to admire the well-cultivated moustache and latest novelty in tailoring, no hotel porticos to review the pretty girls from, no fashionable churches and sensation preachers, no soul to make a little private bet with, no cards, no billiards, no clubs, no chance for a "lark," no coquettes framed in windows over the way to make dumb love to, no anything, in short, but woods and fields and waters, and other natural trumpery. Now don't sneer at these people. They are really very much to be pitied. Just as much so as if they lacked the usual complement of limbs or senses. Indeed, they are more to be commiserated than if thus physically afflicted, for it is better to go about the world with a crippled body than a half-paralyzed soul.

A LESSON FOR THE YOUNG.

One of the most important precepts to be gravely and solemnly urged upon the consideration of the young, is, the sacredness of a promise. There are persons who would shrink in horror from the charge of habitual untruthfulness, who yet do not hesitate to break any pledge which they may make, when it comes in conflict with the selfish desire of the present hour. That they feel disinclined to keep a pledge, or that they disregarded it in a fit of anger, is put forth as a grave and befitting excuse by those who should be ashamed of so childish a plea. The early training which produces no better fruit than this, must needs have been sadly defective. Let parents and teachers look to it, that strict integrity in regard to this very key-stone of moral excellence be carefully enforced by line upon line, and precept upon precept—and, better still, by example upon example.

"LENT TO A BARBARIAN."

The Chinese have been essentially chastised, but to whip their insolence out of them, seems to be impossible. Over the house appropriated to our minister at Pekin, they have placed an inscription signifying that it is "lent to the barbarian Ward, tribute bearer." Can it be possible that these people, after the recent tremendous lesson they have received from England and France, really believe that they are a superior race to their castigators? We presume it is so, for the specimens of the nation we have in this city are vain to the last degree. Stupidity, meanness and inordinate self-conceit, seem to be the special characteristics of the "Celestials."

LIFE'S BALM.

God over all! How the tired heart falls back upon this, like a babe on its mother's breast. No rebuff *there!* Ah! were we not so childishly impatient, were we willing to wait *His* time, instead of demanding our own imperative *now!* Could we sleep sweetly, and trust Him for the waking. Be the sky bright or cloudy, could we only *trust!* Ah! many a hard lesson must we learn, many a rebellious tear choke down, many a despairing "why hast thou forsaken me" stifle, ere we can learn that sweet, tranquil lesson—"God over all!"

FANNY FERN.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Sixteen.

THE BURDENS OF PUBLIC LIFE.

It has been said that every smart American schoolboy hopes and expects to become one day President of the United States. This would not be the case, if schoolboys derived their first impressions, not from fond parents and nurses, but from persons able from experience to enlighten them as to the real nature of public life, even in its highest stations. I am inclined to think that no two men in this country, if consulted on the subject by a hopeful lad of eight or ten, would so earnestly discourage the Presidential aspiration, as the out-going and in-coming Presidents of the United States;—the individual just retiring with four years' experience of the office, and the individual just entering upon it, after a decisive political triumph.

This is not peculiar to public life in this country, though for reasons, of which one or two may hereafter be stated, there is probably no country where public life is so arduous as in our own. Most persons would probably say, if their opinion was asked, that, all things considered, the throne of England was the most tempting position in public life. Its incumbent is the hereditary sovereign of one of the most powerful, highly civilized, and enlightened countries;—the head of the government possessing the most extensive territorial jurisdiction and ruling over the largest number of subjects, in fact circling the globe; the country most abounding in wealth, public and private, and the government under which the labors and cares of the chief magistrate are most effectually shared and relieved by constitutional advisers. All this may be truly said of the British monarchy at the present day, even by one who looks upon republicanism as the best form of government, and regards the democratic features of the English constitution as those which have most conduced to its successful operation and the prosperity of the people. But notwithstanding all this, it may be doubted whether there ever was a King or Queen of England (with the exception, perhaps, of the one now on the throne,) who has led a life of more than average comfort; and it is certain that most of the sovereigns, from King Alfred onward, have been oppressed by a load of thankless labor and care; public anxiety and distress; domestic and personal sorrows; the burdens of foreign and civil war,—in fact, the various forms of human trouble and suffering, to which monarchs and men are subject, enough to outweigh all the gratification which they could derive from the possession of what is called Power. Great personal popularity founded on a most exemplary character as an individual, happy family relations, and the successful administration of the government by able ministers, resulting in a high degree of public prosperity, have signalized the reign of the present Queen. But the short reign of her predecessor, the sailor king, was greatly disturbed by the dangerous agitations of the reform bill, which brought the country to the eve of a revolution. The Sybaritic indulgence of George the Fourth could have furnished him no comfort under the load of hatred which weighed him down; and we need not go further back than the reign of George the Third for memorable lessons on this subject, inculcated in the seven years' war, and the wars of the American and French revolution; in the fierce collisions of party; and the domestic infelicities, and personal infirmities, which drove him to insanity. We hear of the "merry monarch,"

"Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one,"

but if Charles the Second had not been the most heartless he must have been one of the saddest of men. Wholly destitute of serene geniality of temper, his "mirth" truly, like the "laughter of fools," was as "the crackling of thorns under a pot." "The glorious days of good Queen Bess,"—a sour-tempered, imperious termagant,—were passed in daily peril of her life till she ascended the throne,—and after her accession, were spent in the unlovely solitude of a cheerless palace, harassed with fierce dissentions in the church,—treason at home,—the necessity, real or imaginary, of bringing to the block, after years of cruel imprisonment, the head of a sister Queen who had sought her protection,—and gigantic peril to her life and throne from foreign war.

If we run down the line of the French kings, there is not one of them that a judicious drayman, who knows when he is well off, would envy. The most politic of them, Louis XI., in his successful efforts to consolidate the monarchy, waged a cruel life-long war, not so much against the victims of his tyranny, as against human nature herself. He immured princes of the blood, in dungeons, shaped like an inverted cone, where they could neither stand, sit, nor lie, without agony. The most chivalrous of the French kings, Francis the First, rode round the streets of Paris to witness the torments of his protestant subjects, who were tied to beams, so balanced as to play up and down into the flames, in order to prolong their sufferings, and this for the sake of warding off the suspicion (which was well founded,) that he himself secretly favored the new opinions. This enormity was overtaken by Nemesis on the battle field of Pavia, where he lost everything but honor, of which, if honor includes any of the manly virtues, beyond personal courage, he had none to lose. The most virtuous and generous of the royal line of France, Henry the Fourth, was willing to change his religion to secure his throne, and was murdered by a madman in the streets. I have held the dagger of Ravaillac in my hand. The most magnificent and ambitious, and for a time the most successful of the old French Kings, Louis the XIV., closed a brilliant career in cheerless austerity, humiliation, and gloom. Louis XV., in youth the most timid and shamefaced of men, plunged into depths of profligacy at which even Paris stood aghast, and which sapped the foundations of the State. Louis the XVI., the gentle and kind-hearted, and his wife the proud, the bright, and beautiful, sunk down amidst the ruins of the crumbling monarchy, and closed their troubled reign, after undergoing the misery of a sordid imprisonment, rendered doubly galling by indignity and vulgar insult, upon scaffolds reeking with the blood of the best and most loyal of their subjects. What man in his senses, to whom Providence vouchsafes an adequate supply of daily bread, earned by daily labor, would deliberately exchange conditions with either of those who have swayed the sceptre of France since the great revolution, including the great Captain and Conqueror of the modern world; the mighty Prometheus of politics, whose great heart was torn on his sea-girt rock by the vulture of disappointed ambition, defeat, and ruin? Louis XVIII., restored after twenty years' exile, barely maintained his throne under the odium of the compulsory subsidies extorted by the foreign armies which placed him on it. His brother escaped into inglorious exile, from the unsuccessful attempt to control the ferocity of the factions by unconstitutional restraints. Louis Philippe, the Napoleon of peace, fell like the kinsman, whom he had supplanted; and Napoleon the Third has carved out with the sword a perilous succession to the empire, the conflicts, the mighty power and dazzling fame, but, wiser than Napoleon the First, let us hope, not to the reverses of his Uncle.

History records little of the great military rulers of antiquity, whose names stand out in the annals of mankind, but the battles by which their power was acquired and upheld. If the narrative of their interior policy, if the "*arcana imperii*" (the secrets of government), the negotiations with foreign powers which preceded the victorious appeal to arms, the factions within the State, the rebellions of disaffected provinces, the struggles for preference of jealous favorites, and the secular domestic curse of power among the oriental races which leads them all to

"Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;"

if the narrative of these details had come down to us, with that of their Arbelas, and their Pharsalias, we should see that the most famous of them were as little to be envied, as the common run of sovereigns. The inhuman tortures of Philotas, the chief of his body guard, said to have been inflicted in the actual presence of Alexander himself, concealed behind a curtain, and the consequent treacherous murder of Parmenio, the aged father of Philotas,—the second person in the empire,—the devoted friend of Alexander, and of his father before him,—throw fearful light upon the remorseless violence of the factions in the Macedonian Court, and prove its master to have been the victim of suspicions and fears, more than enough to poison all his youthful triumps. The life and career of Cæsar were a long conflict with warlike, barbarian enemies, assailed without provocation, and with unscrupulous political opponents, engaged like himself, in a selfish struggle for the unconstitutional rule of the State. His rival, Pompey the GREAT, first of Romans and of Rulers, technically so designated, died by the treacherous dagger of a wretched Egyptian eunuch, and Cæsar fell bleeding from twenty-three wounds, struck by the poniards of favorites and friends, the best beloved striking the home blow. Of his successors in the empire which he founded, many of them are proverbial for all that is most detestable in human character, and all that is most disastrous in human fortune. There is scarce one of them whose administration is not an almost unbroken succession of rebellions in the provinces, and wars with the barbarians; and not the least discreet was he (Diocletian) who, at the age of fifty-nine, resigned the empire and cultivated cabbages for the rest of his life;—an example imitated still earlier in life, by one of the most powerful and prosperous of modern sovereigns, the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

All that we know of the history of the ancient peoples that preceded the Greeks and the Romans,—the Egyptians, the Chaldæans, the Persians, the Medes, the Assyrians,—to say nothing of the remoter East, is a weary enumeration of disputed successions, treasonable plots, rebellious satraps, desolating wars,—the innumerable and indescribable woes of tyrannical government, anarchy, barbarism and slavery. No literary monuments of the remotest antiquity remain to furnish us minute details of these truly "dark ages" of crime and suffering; but from the moment the dominant races of the East, through their wars with the Jews, begin to find a place in sacred history, we become acquainted in outline with the bloody drama of Oriental despotism. Grecian history, from its first pages, represents it in the same dark characters. The frescoes in the Egyptian sepulchres throw some light on its merciless nature, and the monumental slabs which modern research has so lately exhumed on the banks of the Tigris, confirm the dismal tale. A curious illustration of the fidelity with which the life and manners of the East are portrayed in the Bible, is found in the representations on the marbles from Nineveh of trains of prisoners of war, secured by rings through the nose, to the chariot of the conqueror. (Compare Second Book of Kings, xix, 28.) What a reflection, that thirty centuries after the death of an Asiatic despot, long ages after the histories, if there were any, are lost, which recorded his deeds, the languages in which they were written are forgotten, and the site of his capitals buried fathoms deep beneath the soil, these carved relievos should be dug up to tell the tale of his cruelties.

In speaking of the evils attending the possession of power in ancient or modern times, we must not confine our comments to monarchs or hereditary rulers of any name. The republics of Greece and Rome present examples quite as striking as those which are furnished by the empires and kingdoms. Political life never existed in a more repulsive form than it did in the little Grecian republics. As I have stated in a former paper, there were traditionary feuds between the cities of the Doric and Ionic stock. In most of them individually, there was a strife perpetuated from generation to generation between the oligarchical and democratic factions, each seeking aid from the foreign governments in sympathy with them. The annals of Greece, in just proportion as we descend from the mythical period into that of probable and finally authentic history, present a uniform and weary tale of petty wars with neighboring states and merciless struggles between domestic factions. Confiscation and banishment were the fate of the defeated party at home; death for the combatants, and slavery for their wives and children, too often the doom of a vanquished enemy. These atrocious conditions of public life in peace and in war, kept many of the best minds and purest characters in retirement, and formed a very dangerous element of weakness and premature decay in the political organization of their turbulent states.

Nor must we, in stating the evils attending public life, confine ourselves wholly to the labors and dangers to which those actually engaged in it are exposed, both in republics and monarchies. The disappointments and sorrows, the unavailing sacrifices, the fruitless and thankless toils of those, who engage without success in the great competitions of political life, are also to be taken into the account. Among Houbraken's engravings of the great men who have figured from age to age in English History, how many exhibit the fatal axe at the bottom of the portrait! I doubt whether among the statesmen and politicians of any country,—even those whose lives are the most pure, and whose careers have been the most successful and illustrious, there is one, with whom a sober-minded man would be willing to change conditions, with all the drawbacks occasioned by the ingratitude and hostility of contemporaries, and all the perplexity and distress inseparable from the administration of affairs in difficult times. The "trade of monarch," as Joseph the Second called it, is no easy one, even in quiet times and in highly civilized countries. The "divinity that doth hedge the King" is no shield against the humbler cares of life. As a protection from some of these cares, the sovereigns of the ancient *régime* stood aloof from almost all social intercourse with their subjects. Miss Burney tells us in her Diary, that a lady of rank, detained at the palace by bad weather or other accident, was sometimes asked to dine at the royal table; but that no man, not of royal or princely blood, was ever invited to dine with the king and queen. Dr. Franklin mentions it as an extraordinary distinction, verifying the Scripture promise to a man who is diligent in calling, that he had stood before three kings, and been invited to dine with one, viz.: the King of Denmark, at that time one of the least considerable of the crowned heads of Europe. This isolation of the Sovereign, which prevented his sharing the festive enjoyments of life, with the intelligent and distinguished of his subjects, was of itself no mean privation; but it saved some trouble and no little heart-burning. Kings and queens at the present day dispense their hospitality liberally, but the coveted honor must be conferred with anxious discrimination. It is said that there are from eighteen hundred to two thousand names on the royal visiting book in England, and it will readily be conceived that, among those persons *not* borne on the envied list, there must be more discontent than would exist if, as in the time of George the Third, nobody was ever invited. Even the homage which loyal subjects delight to pay to popular sovereigns is not without its inconvenience. The great stir, which attends their movements, seriously interferes with a free circulation through the kingdom. The Queen told me they should go about much more than they do, but for their reluctance to cause the trouble incident to their reception and entertainment. The good will of our favoring multitudes assumes a somewhat different form in this country. What with the vast and not always manageable crowds that await their arrivals, the multitudinous hand-shakings, the inevitable address and reply, we are in a fair way to kill with kindness the distinguished guests, foreign and domestic, on whom we bestow these pitiless honors.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE OF DEBT.

Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of Dishonesty. The Royal Preacher tells us: *The borrower is servant to the lender.* Debt is a rigorous servitude. The debtor learns the cunning tricks, delays, concealments, and frauds, by which dishonest servants evade or cheat their master. He is tempted to make ambiguous statements; pledges, with secret passages of escape; contracts, with fraudulent constructions; lying excuses, and more mendacious promises. He is tempted to elude responsibility; to delay settlement; to prevaricate upon the terms; to resist equity, and devise specious fraud. When the eager creditor would restrain such vagrancy by law, the debtor then thinks himself released from moral obligation, and brought to a legal game, in which it is lawful for the best player to win. He disputes true accounts; he studies subterfuges; extorts provocatious delays; and harbors in every nook, and corner, and passage, of the law's labyrinth. At length the measure is filled up, and the malignant power of debt is known. It has opened in the heart every fountain of iniquity; it has besoiled the conscience; it has tarnished the honor; it has made the man a deliberate student of knavery; a systematic practitioner of fraud: it has dragged him through all the sewers of petty passions,—anger, hate, revenge, malicious folly, or malignant shame. When a debtor is beaten at every point, and the law will put her screws upon him, there is no depth in the gulf of dishonesty into which he will not boldly plunge. Some men put their property to the flames, assassinate the detested creditor, and end the frantic tragedy by suicide, or the gallows. Others, in view of the catastrophe, have converted all property to cash, and concealed it. The law's utmost skill, and the creditor's fury, are alike powerless now—the tree is green and thrifty; its roots drawing a copious supply from some hidden fountain.

Craft has another harbor of resort for the piratical crew of dishonesty; viz.: *putting one's property out of the law's reach by a fraudulent conveyance.* Whoever runs in debt, and consumes the equivalent of his indebtedness; whoever is fairly liable to damage for broken contracts; whoever by folly, has incurred debts and lost the benefit of his outlay; whoever is legally obliged to pay for his malice or carelessness; whoever by infidelity to public trusts has made his property a just remuneration for his defaults; whoever of all these, or whoever, under any circumstances, puts out of his hands property, morally or legally due to creditors, is A DISHONEST MAN. The crazy excuses which men render to their consciences, are only such as every villain makes, who is unwilling to look upon the black face of his crimes.

HEREDITARY VENGEANCE.

The ancient Corsican institution of *la vendetta*, or "hereditary vengeance," seems to be growing in favor on this continent. In Corsica, many a man has been assassinated because *his* ancestor had assassinated the assassin's ancestor two hundred years before; the inheritance of vengeance having been carefully handed down from generation to generation, and the family blood of the offender having been traced in its descent with unerring accuracy, until an opportunity occurred to spill it with the predestined stiletto. We have not yet reached that sublimity of vengeance on this hemisphere, perhaps because we are too young. But of late years there have been frequent instances of sons and grandsons avenging with bloody hand the wrongs of fathers and grandfathers: and there have been a few cases where the female descendants have wreaked the hereditary family vengeance. It is to be hoped that these displays of revenge are the results of temporary and unnatural excitements, and not an indication that the people of this country are tending towards Corsicanism.

TO LET.

The ladies who intend to move in May have commenced their domiciliary visitations. They will have what advertisers call "a wide field for choice," for the eruption placard inscribed "To let," has broken out more extensively than usual this Spring. It is *hoped* that rents will be lower; but there is no good reason to expect such a desirable consummation. How can rents fall when the assessments are heavier than they have ever been. Think of the $11,000,000 that we are to pay this year for the privilege of being villainously governed. Patient sheep that we are; the equanimity of Job under his sufferings was not a circumstance to the meekness with which we submit to be sheared. No, rents will remain as they are. Let us think ourselves well off that they do not rise. The landlords must have their nine or ten per cent, and the tenants must pay the landlords' taxes.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *Feb. 26th*, 1861.

MR. BONNER—*Dear Sir*:—In your valuable paper of the 23d of February, I learned a lesson that I shall never forget, and I am indebted to the eminent author of the story, *Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.* for his "INHERITED WEALTH," and hope, with the help of God, to win an inheritance for my children—if not in gold, I will leave them a good name. I take many of the incidents of that little story to myself, and I know many others who might profit by its perusal. I always admired *Mr. Cobb* as an author, and will hereafter eagerly seek for his productions, as they generally teach a good moral.

Very respectfully, A SUBSCRIBER.

CARBONTALE, KANAWHA CO., VA., *Feb. 18th*, 1861.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEDGER—*Dear Sir*:—I saw in the LEDGER of the 16th inst., your decision in regard to the growth of the cranberry, in which you decide that they grow on vines. Cranberries grow in great abundance in Nicholas County, Elk River, and Gauley River, Va., and permit me to say they certainly grow on *bushes*; so I am sure that Frank is correct.

AN OLD READER OF THE LEDGER.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—In order to deserve a true friend, we must learn first to be one.

IN LOVE.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

I.

Under the Tulip Tree.

I kiss my forehead on your kisses,
And feel your fingers in my hair;
And as the sunshine floods the leaves,
Your beauty floods me, rich and rare.
And all is bright and debonnaire.

Pure peace extends from pole to pole:
While some dividant breath
Makes music in my soul.

My forehead on the knees, so long
My pillow, what is this to me,
And every sun?—like threat of wrong;
The tempest scattering on the sea?
For life on love depended—
A music, mellow, soothing, deep,
Which lulls me, heart and brain,
To a delicious sleep!

The silken tassel falling down
To tender feet, of snowy white,
My blissful face doth feed and drown
In rippling waves of fair delight.
And by, I bask in beauty's light,
Caressing with fond lips the curl,
Flowing, a midnight wave
Down from its store of pearl.

So resting at her snowy feet,
Her hand passed to my lips and cheek,
Her eyes discourse a joy so sweet,
It overwhelms me:—faint and weak,
I leave her, nor strive to break
The spell that binds me to her knees
With such sweet ecstasies!

I rest and see the tender light
Of sunset slowly wane away,
Here upon her knees, here by delight,
Spite of the fading sunset ray!
Here, content, night and day,
And I will never sleep unless,
For fear thus you will pass
Leaving me here to weep!

O love! you are my hope and star!
My mighty dream, my waking joy!
The long years, cloistless, pass away,
Again I am a careless boy!
And life holds nothing to annoy!
Here, blessed with thee, all woes are nought!
Life is a war no more—
The battle has been fought!

You are my angel, and my fate,
Until I leave you, I was poor,
That now am rich, and sit in state
Upon eternity's grand throne!
And Time to me is nothing more
Than some one act to play a hour
To fill the life hours
Of the grand, restful hour!

II.

In a Dream.

Oh! hast fall filled with love's delight,
And centre of the meadows,
When she would pass from mortal sight
Slow falling like the April flowers!
She blooms in other realms than ours
Past yonder rosiest light skies,
And all my fealties wends
Where dwelleth heart and eyes.

Oh you! our human wills are naught
And Fate will baffle her rigid every!
Mine, mine forever!" said and thought—
Even as it spoke she passed away,
Even as beside her feet I lay!
She bent and slowly pressed the last
Soft kiss upon my love's,
And also my angel pressed!

Well, let me smile again, in place
Of weeping. "All is for the best!"
They tell us coldly. My own note
Is true, and sounds the best!
I smiled at Fate: she brought me last!
Let others smile by her, I'll show
I hold my joy as dear!
As I am clasped by you!

That hand is still upon my knee—
Those eyes look down as they were away
To think but they were true to did vow
To love each other night and day—
"Even to the joyful sturdy of May,
Dear mouth of flowers! when wandering so
We see the sunset die
In crimson over the lawn!

And thus the pretty smiles sent
Beckon the bashful lofty trust!—
Half lying at your little feet,
My forehead, love, upon your knees!
Round now I hear the mocking breeze
Above us in the tulip tree,
Disputing with your voice
The pulse of melody.

Dear human heart! true evidence
Of other faith! Pure, youthful face,
Sweet lips, the type of innocence!
Fond, smiling voice! Calm, sudden grace,
You fill for me the realms of space
With joy; for all bonds is gone!—
All darkness, as when earth
Smiles, sinless by the sun!

And so, forever, through the years,
I lean my head upon your knees!
Your face I see through happy tears,
Your voice I hear in every breeze,
And let across the sickles
I will tossed the shining shoes,
Which I have worn for miles,
We meet in part no more!

THE HARLOW ESTATE.

ITS HEIRS—REAL AND PRETENDED.

A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY F. HAMILTON MYERS,

AUTHOR OF "CAPT. ROCKET," "THE MYSTERY OF THE ROBBERS," "BELL BRANDON," "THE CAN VERDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

As Evelyn gazed down this narrow and thronged avenue without catching a sight of the little figure and coy, her light diminished and her courage well nigh failed. But where every thing was the same, a discordant object, observed at once instant might become visible the most, and she continued for some moments to peer and she continued for the shifting crowd, shading anxiously with the palm of her hand the eyes. Her eyes with her hand as she did so. She never so many cross streets into which the pursued party might have turned, that the quest was fast becoming entirely hopeless—but she resolved not yet to abandon pursuit. As the last hovered her hand from her eyes, and again started forward, a young gentleman who had stood watching the panting girl stepped up to her and said with a look and tone of unmistakable kindness:

"You seem to be in distress, young lady; can I do anything to assist you?"

Evelyn glanced hurriedly at him as she replied:

"Oh yes, if you please sir, come with me, and I will tell you as we go along."

Her alarm was so apparent that the gentleman did not smile at this singular reply.

"You are in pursuit of some one?" he said, as they fairly ran, side by side together.

"Yes sir—my brother Lindy—a little boy not six years old—I am so sure I saw him turn down this street with a strange man and woman, I fear he is carried off, for you know such things have been."

"Stop, then, we'll speak to a policeman—"

"Oh no, no, do not wait for that, I saw them but a few minutes ago, and if we can only catch sight of them again, I am sure I can overtake them no matter how far they are off."

But when Evelyn and her good-natured friend had run a few blocks, stopping at all the corners to look up and down the streets which they passed, they paused and looked in each other's faces.

"There are so many places where they might have turned off," said the youth.

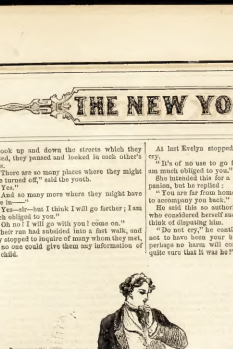
"Yes."

"And so many more where they might have gone in—"

"Yes—no—but I think I will go further; I am much obliged to you."

"Oh no! I will go with you! come on."

Their run had subsided into a fast walk, and they stopped to inquire of many whom they met, but no one could give them any information of the child.



EVELYN SKETCHING HERBERT'S LIKENESS.

At last Evelyn stopped again and began to cry.

"It's of no use to go farther," she said, "I am much obliged to you."

She intended this for a dismissal of her companion, but he replied:

"You are far from home—you must allow me to accompany you back."

He said this so authoritatively that Evelyn, who considered herself such a little girl, did not think of disputing him.

"Do not cry," he continued, "it may prove not to have been your brother; or if it were, perhaps no harm will come to him. Are you quite sure that it was he?"

"Oh no—I try to believe it was not, but there was something about his appearance that makes me think it must have been."

She shuddered as the strength of her first impression returned to her, and she relied more unconcertedly.

"Pray be calm, Miss; I will accompany you home; and if your fears should prove correct, I will go instantly on a police station, and in a few minutes there will be vigilant officers in pursuit of the boy, who will be almost certain to bring him to you before night."

"Oh pray let us hasten then, I can walk a great deal faster than this."

The gentleman offered his arm, which Evelyn

took without hesitation. She had no thought for any thing or any one but Herbert, and as she went along she was constantly calculating the chances of it not being him she had seen—and the chances of recovering him, if it were.

When they reached one of the gates of the park they were to cross, the remembrance of Aunt Ally suddenly came to her mind, and she looked quickly forward to see if she were at her accustomed place. It was some moments before her timid fears could be overcome sufficiently to cast form of her friend, but the instant they did so the quiet was one of her complaints, and without a word of explanation almost flew across the green.

Sixth Lynde was for a moment disposed to look around him to see if they were any near Lunatic Asylum from which his fair friend might have escaped, but at the next thought he started in pursuit of Evelyn, and he was not too quickly in pursuit of Evelyn had reversed.

Mr. Lynde sprang to her relief, and supported her until Aunt Ally brought water from the fountain, and hurriedly bathed her temples.

"Poor, poor child!" exclaimed Evelyn, fairly throwing herself into the widow's arms, "tell me if you have seen Lindy pass here this afternoon?"

"Why, yes, Miss Evaline," returned the woman, panting very pale, "he went past here about twenty minutes ago in that direction," pointing the way which Miss Stiletty had come; but before she could say more Evelyn had swooned

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

of a place just now, but a goin' to be in very soon."

"All right—as well that as anything else; it's necessary to be something, else one is all the while suspected. Confound the meddling, prying, inquisitive women, I say. I wish I was Grand Turk over this here city, I'd have all their tattling tongues for 'em, d'ye mind."

"Queer mine, I s'pose," said the man, rising from the table.

But the query can did not reply; he filled and lighted a pipe, and catching sight of the child, he said to his wife "put the kids to bed."

"I should like to know where I am to put him to?"

"Anywhere; put some old clothes on that chest; he's sound enough for the night, I hope. I don't want any more bawling."

The man smoked sullenly a long time, and his wife, who longed for some one to talk to, forgotten her indisposition in scouring his lil-lumper by rolling him at the good-tempered housewoman's question.

When he had filled the room with the odor and smoke of bad tobacco, making poor Herbert gasp and choke in his sleep, he put up his pipe and went to bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

When the shades of evening began to gather around the Shively mansion, a sense of unwelcolness of its host brir, great excitement prevailed throughout the household, though it may be doubted if more than one heart felt any intensity of anguish. Evelyn was overcome with grief, and so fearful were its manifestations, that her father, moved by pity, as well as ashamed for her reason, placed her under medical treatment.

Soon after dark, Mr. Lynde came to say that the chief of police had sent out two vigilant men in pursuit of the kidnappers, and that a third—a most skilful detective—was now on the train in a few minutes.

The officer last accompanied him, to obtain from Evelyn's lips as measure a description as the capacity of Bridget and Mrs. Shively possessed, and also to procure a daguerreotype of the boy.

The former of these requirements she hastily put aside as fanciful, carrying, between her sobs, many little points of dress and appearance which she had carefully stored her memory.

But as the daguerreotype, there was no such thing in the house. Poor Herbert had never been an object of sufficient consequence to his mother to induce her to obtain his picture.

"It is too bad," said the weeping girl, but, aided with a sudden thought, she added, after a minute; "I am sure I can give you something like the real fellow."

She ran for her crayon and drawing paper, and, guided by the imposing air of authority, she quickly sketched a head so strikingly like the beautiful boy, that no one could have known him without discovering the resemblance.

"There," it is like him, I'm sure, and his dress I have already described to you."

Seth looked on in excessive admiration, both at the sketch and the artist, and then, in a fit of compunction, hurried off, not hearing or replying to the well worded thanks which Mrs. Shively expressed for his kindness.

He had not mentioned to any one so trifling a circumstance as the fact that he had engaged the "shadow" at his own cost, and that he was going to accompany it that dark night, in many places where an ony would have been afraid to follow.

To have known all this could scarcely have enhanced Evelyn's deep sense of obligation to him, nor could it have gratified him. Encouraged with new hopes, she attained to something like equanimity, and the sudden suspicion, whose visit was nearly simultaneous with that of Seth, expressed much satisfaction that her daughter had proved so potential, and directed its pursuit repetition through the night.

It was to Evelyn a night of fevered and fitful slumbers—of wild dreams, in which she was constantly screaming, in the agony of terror, and the cry visible yet ever vanishing boy, whose little hands were outstretched in fear, and whose sweet face was turned back to her from for ever, except which he was still hurried by the cruel custodians.

From these painful imaginings she would awake with the fancied sound of the door bell in her ears, and then with suspended breath to catch its repetition, or to hear the tread of tiny feet, and count of the steps that were coming below.

Also! dear Evelyn, no such greetings were to fall upon those ear or gladden my pure heart. Low down night; again send up thy fervent prayers to Him who "knows the wind to the shorn lamb," and without whose permission not a syra sparrow may fall to the ground.

When morning came, with no tidings except of failed and fruitless search, Evelyn was the first to faintly commit to suggest an advertisement, with the offer of a large reward for the recovery of Herbert. But her father objected. It would be acting a humiliating upon citizen, said, and was contrary to good morals.

"Let the police alone," he said, "or promised as large a reward as you please, or raiser as large as you please, even to a couple of hundred dollars, the had paid more for his horses, but no good is to be effected from advertising. It will be stimulated to greater exertions if the offer is not proposed, and it is to them, after all, that we must look for success."

Mrs. Shively coincided with these views, and the advertisement, which were sent to all the papers, remained in situation to a reward.

On that same day the officer detective sent for her legal counsel, and had a business interview with him, in which that gentleman, already accustomed to all phases of human character, was not a little astonished at the acuteness and inquiries about the contingent ownership of the great Shively name "in case the dear boy should never be found."

That opinions were satisfactory was evident from the unusual grief of the matron after the departure of the lawyer.

CHAPTER IX.

Tom Greene made an early flitting to his new abode on the morning succeeding his crime. His few effects were easily removed from the purlieus of the single cart which conveyed them, and it would also have been easy for his acquaintances in Irvine Alley to have tracked him to his new retreat.

Little Herbert was kept quiet during the change, by the inducement that he was to be taken "straight home," an expectation which he did not abandon until all parties were comfortably set in at their new quarters, a phase still more dismal than that which they had left.

Greene's next step was to sally forth and buy two or three of the morning newspapers, which he brought home and studied long and eagerly, (for he was not a ready reader,) to find the advertisement on which his golden hopes were founded.

There were a score of columns of "wants" to be spelled through, and there were many glaring little notices headed "$2,000" or "$10,000," which made his crust heart leap for joy, but which proved to be generous offers of illimitable fortune to any person who would

advance those trifling sums confidingly for an interest in some new discovery.

"They haven't done it yet," he said, throwing the newspapers aside with some misgivings; "I guess it will be in to-morrow."

He tried an afternoon paper, and after another long examination he found something to the purpose.

"Here it is at last!" he said, in great glee.

"Child lost. A little boy—Herbert Herbert! (That's it.) Bridget said 'twas Holly, but that is it!) six years old—supposed to be stolen—has on velvet cap—red tippet—green plaid dress—and a fine-mannered air. Any person carefully received by his distressed parents.' Why, how are they going to know that, I'd like to word! A curse on them all!"

"Any one dear folks?" he else knew what she had to expect when her illegs master was in wrath.

"Never mind," she said, "they'll have to come to it. Where's my boy can't get him without."

"So they will! So they shall, by ——, if I have to keep this boy a year. I know what he's worth—no, no, I don't have got a most a million! I can wait, if they can."

These things, of course, were not said in the hearing of the poor, weary child, before his exception of occasional outbursts of passion, Greene had treated with a show of kindness. Herbert, indeed, was made to believe that he was a little child, that Bridget had deserted him, and that his present custodian did not know where his parents lived, and had taken him home as soon as he could learn the way.

This deception the man had found rather better to make sure of the expected reward, for the boy was old enough to tell where he might defeat his captor's hopes if not thus propitiated.

This state of things operated favorably for the child, not only in that it kept from horrible treasured, but by keeping alive a hope which sustained his heart.

But Tom had made no calculations upon having the last hope upon his hands, and he was to admit that any unnecessary boy was found by the police with the boy in his possession might subject him to the inconvenience of a fiction. He could not live consistently without money, and he was not one of those of timid of unwise suspicion and invite investigation.

He had, he believed, got rid of Bridget; the child was with him, and, when, with the exception of occasional outbursts of passion, Greene had treated with a show of kindness. Herbert, indeed, was made to believe that he was a little child, that Bridget had deserted him, and that his present custodian did not know where his parents lived, and had taken him home as soon as he could learn the way.

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But Tom had made no calculations upon having the last hope upon his hands, and he was to admit that any unnecessary boy was found by the police with the boy in his possession might subject him to the inconvenience of a fiction. He could not live consistently without money, and he was not one of those of timid of unwise suspicion and invite investigation.

He had, he believed, got rid of Bridget; the child was with him, and, when, with the exception of occasional outbursts of passion, Greene had treated with a show of kindness.

"Any dear folks?" he else knew what she had to expect when her illegs master was in wrath.

"Never mind," she said, "they'll have to come to it. Where's my boy can't get him without."

"So they will! So they shall, by ——, if I have to keep this boy a year. I know what he's worth—no, no, I don't have got a most a million! I can wait, if they can."

These things, of course, were not said in the hearing of the poor, weary child, before his exception of occasional outbursts of passion, Greene had treated with a show of kindness. Herbert, indeed, was made to believe that he was a little child, that Bridget had deserted him, and that his present custodian did not know where his parents lived, and had taken him home as soon as he could learn the way.

This deception the man had found rather better to make sure of the expected reward, for the boy was old enough to tell where he might defeat his captor's hopes if not thus propitiated.

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A HOLY PLACE IS THE HEARTH-STONE.

BY C. D. STUART.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where loved ones are gathered 'round,
Where mothers, sires and sisters dear,
And brothers and friends are found:
A holy place is the Hearth-stone—
Home's innermost shrine is there—
Laden with blessed heritage,
And hallowed by loving prayer

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
What clustering joys abide,
Where the cradle of our infancy
Was rocked by a mother's side;
A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where Childhood's pattering feet
Go glancing in shade and sunshine,
To the music of Pleasure's beat.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where the Youth have wooed and won,
And sent and gone in the battle
Of Life, with full armor on;
A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Where Manhood has smiled down
With blessings blossoming 'round him,
And Love for a precious crown.

A holy place is the Hearth-stone,
Whereon the old and young have gone
To rest from their weary labor,
When the battle of Life was done;
And oh, from the holy Hearth-stone,
When parted from those we love,
May we go to meet by the Hearth-stone
Of "Our Father's" home above.

THE MUTE SINGER.

BY ANNA COMA HITCHIE.

CHAPTER XVI.

LUMINOUS LINING OF THE CLOUD.

Honorine's ingenuous spirit could not long delay whose her affections were concerned. She admitted that it would be more pleasant to spend a few days in that home where she might become familiar with her new residence, before she sought her sister; but, at the same time, she declared her intention of visiting Sylvia the very next morning after this complimentary of her appointments in the Rue d'Angoulême.

The objections and representations of Madame de la Tour were unceremoniously set aside by this child of impulse. She seemed to be more than with the patience that good breeding demanded, for coldness. Yet Sylvia remained the grounding of Mademoiselle de St. Amor' as though unaware of any other presence. Then, at last, she saluted the Marquis, who stood silently by, it was without extending her hand, or lifting her eyes.

"This apartment is charming," said Honorine, glancing approvingly around the room. "Now I may come and see you often, may I not? How I cried you had been so forsake me for so long! You owe me an explanation before you leave the sight to forgiveness. Come, confess! Tell me what prompted you to behave so strangely."

Sylvia studied her downcast eyes beseechingly and Honorine could not resist their mute pleading.

"I will not ask you, then," she responded, generously. "I cannot doubt your sincerity, but I will tolerate this if you will promise that our friendship shall not again suffer interruption. Come, promise!"

Sylvia hesitated, evidently troubled and uncertain; then she wrote upon her tablets, "who can answer for the future?"

"If will you not promise to receive my visits?" asked Honorine, in wounded surprise.

Want could Sylvia answer? Could she cast aside friendship so warmly tendered? Could she trample under foot affection so pure and disinterested?

She wrote, "I must ever be grateful for your visits, and receive them thankfully."

"Always, but is all I ask," replied Honorine, with returning vivacity. "Remember our compact, and I will trouble you with no more questions."

The young girls seated themselves upon a couch, drawn close to the fire, for it was a bright, cold day in February.

The Marquis, who with painful anxiety had awaited Sylvia's reply to his sister's inquiry, now wondered restlessly about the room. Affectation, he passed before the mirrors, and at last assisted its luxuriant bloom, to see if his orders were faithfully executed, and sympathy of position, and blending harmony of coloring, had been preserved in the disposition of the flowers.

When Sylvia's delighted eyes first rested upon that bed of odorous blossoms, the inhabitants fountain in the centre was sending up its sparkling jets, that scattered a dewy spray upon the surrounding flowers; but in a moment less than an hour it had ceased playing, to her great regret.

The Marquis had learned at what hour she was expected, and had taken care to have the fountain set in motion before she entered her new home. He now, unreflectingly, touched a spring that opened the lid of a magnificent music-box, suddenly fearing that he had betrayed his secret, stood away with a disappointed countenance.

The silvery sound of the falling drops struck on Sylvia's quick ear; she turned suddenly—for the first time that day her eyes met Honorine's—with the question, "Does the fountain play?"

The Marquis, with a countenance from which all that Maitre Benglen had declared he had not seen when he had examined the apartments, but been supplied by a guardian land, the invisible influence she had left, answered, as she desired, to herself, its agency. Yet why should that band plant flowers for her pure—volumes for the cultivation of her mind—plans statues to charm her eyes—or send music to her ear, and voice and gladden her home? Ah! why indeed?

Honorine was puzzled by the pulling of Sylvia's cheek, the increased rapidity of her breathing, and the tightening pressure of the hand that she (Honorine) clasped to hold. The Marquis had not uttered a single word, and so pointedly kept aloof, that his sister, when she saw the direction of Sylvia's glance, fancied that their young hostess might be hurt by his singular and inexplicable conduct.

"Brother, why do you not come and talk to us? How dull and tiresome you are this morning."

"That implies that I am sometimes otherwise, thanks for the admission!" replied the Marquis, with a faint attempt at gayety.

"You are not half so agreeable of late as you used to be!" answered Honorine, pettishly. "You have not seemed like yourself for some weeks, and you don't appear to take interest in anything but interest me."

"Perhaps, then, you can dispense with the well-thanks of my coming for a little while? I have an engagement, and if you purpose to prolong your visit to Mademoiselle de la Roche, I will leave you, and call in half an hour. May I?"

"Of course you may. You are so stupid and fidgety that we cordially do not want you. Do we, Mademoiselle Sylvia? Has he not your leave to depart?"

Sylvia signed.

Too promptly to be suspected of the compliliness of a passing regret—at least so the Marquis thought, as he left the room.

The half hour declared itself before he returned. He found an addition to the party, which the young ladies would probably have pronounced an agreeable one. A gentleman was talking to Honorine, and whatever it was, they were laughing merrily at some anecdote which he was recounting with captivating fluency and spirit.

The nobleman at once recognized the young gentleman whom he had seen with Sylvia when she left the Salle St. Cecile a few evenings previous.

No introduction took place—etiquette required none.

"Come, Honorine," said the Marquis to his sister, without looking at her, "I have only time to escort you home."

"How soon have retrieved!" replied Honorine, pettishly, but rising as she spoke. "Adieu, Mademoiselle Sylvia; I am sorry that you see you again very soon;—to-morrow, if you will let me."

Sylvia needed no language to express her glad consent.

To the Marquis who merely contented with the same gracious inclination of the head.

As he was quitting the apartment, he turned, almost without being aware of it, and met the young man, who slightly acquainted the gentleman with whom he left her alone.

The Marquis had been very much entertained by Mademoiselle Sylvia's visitor," he remarked to the latter, on the stairs.

"Yes—he is a most delightful person: he relates his adventures with so much fun and humor in his style," she replied. "Dr. Sourestre is his name. Mademoiselle Sylvia and I have attended her during her long illness, and is now like a brother to her father."

"Rather a juvenile doctor," replied her brother, "for I see he is greatly occupied with his patients, since he has leisure for the amusement of two young ladies at the hour of the visit."

"Oh, Mademoiselle Sylvia says that he always remains out talks to her after every visit. She must find such a solitary life!"

The Marquis was sure she must be glad to listen to such an agreeable person, and one who was so kind and attentive to her friend. She must find such a solitary life!"

The Marquis de la Roche had locked thoughtful and troubled. His sister prattled on without waiting for reply, and he unheeded her words.

The next morning he left the house before she appeared, as was his custom, and in the letter he expressed a hope that he would return soon after noon.

"Where do you wish him to take you to-day, Madame de la Roche?" inquired.

"To see Mademoiselle Sylvia, of course," answered Honorine, with a rebellious air. "I suppose he must for so long, that I intend to bore her with visits as a punishment for her cruel away from us. If brother does not return in time, I mean to take Claudine with me."

The coachman received his orders, and the diplomatic aunt. "I will accompany you myself."

"Yes!" exclaimed Honorine, in childish merriment.

"Yes, I! Is it very wonderful that I should think it proper to go where my niece chooses to go?" The tone was one of reproof, as intended for her to escape remark, perhaps censure."

Madame de la Tour had a dignified reserve in view. In the first place, if she accompanied Honorine, there was no need of her entertaining prosecutor; in the second, she trusted that during this visit she would be enabled to make some effort to gather material for a fresh plot, through which she might possibly work out a new and more startling feature.

She was not disappointed in her calculations. Dr. Sourestre was in the drawing-room, and was sitting in the drawing-room with Sylvia, when Madame de la Tour and Mademoiselle de St. Amar were announced.

Sylvia saw in the most aware of Madame de la Tour's sentiments of animosity, and did not the slightest idea that she was indebted to it for her visit.

The lively allies of Sourestre broke pleasantly through the formality which the presence of Honorine's aunt would have else occasioned, and Sylvia smiled gratefully upon him, never dreaming that his gayety was assumed, and his mirth was forced by him, or any one present.

Madame de la Tour had a design to suspect that this handsome and polished young man was Sylvia's admirer; but Honorine had told her that she had seen him, and could report that he was a lover, is maintaining with him their friendship. She had stood up the desired material for her theme to work upon, and her penetration was sufficiently keen to enable her to condescending to Sylvia.

Mademoiselle de St. Amar was, at once, delighted and deceived; and when, as they were departing, Sylvia drew her gentle face down to her school, the prizes bestowed upon the young singer, Honorine was astonished to see herself unlicensed by him, or any one present.

Madame de la Tour had no need to suspect that this handsome and polished young man was Sylvia's admirer; for

IN THE GRAVEYARD.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

And the sweetness dropped from the cherry-blooms
Over the sleep that is never stirred,
And the twilight dressed in her purple plumes,
And fluttered and moaned, like a dying bird,
Till I laid my face in the scented glooms.

The grasses were damp where the threes had grown;
The low fire shone in the mulberry stones;
Some still, white birds, with a windy moan,
Fell with their faces against the panes,
And the moss-rabbi hung as the breeze alone
Crept to and fro in the shady way.

A golden humming broke my song,
And glittered and fell on the spring-wood sigh
Where a fever was leaking her sleepy song;
And we sang together, the dead and I:

"The heart shove, with its breaking strings,
Wails lifeward music, or music is slow;
Not ah! what a beautiful stillness clings,
Sweet Death," I said, "to the heart below,
That are touched with the color of your pallid wings."

"But in memory still where the sunlight rays
Then I thought of a glorious dream of the past,
And I closed and left in a passionate vein,
Like a bird-flower in a poisoned blast;
And I stayed in the shadow and said, "I'm lower."

"Come out of your silences once more, and soon
The long Day I loved in the years ahead,
While the wild-bird flutters and sings in the dream,
And the yellow blooms of the morning star
Drops, to of all, in the whisperer's stream."

You come, and I saw the transition bonus
Blow the loose gold curls 'round your languid head;
You come, thy' a murmur of music low
You came, for love me awaken the dead,
You came, and stood by the shorty-tomb.

You came, and your white hand was not cold,
And the violet eyes, ah, the eyes were not veiled,
And we watched the moss-rise dripping with gold,
While the winds chanted a super hymn,
And your lip was flushed with the tales it told.

I could see the whips of the sunset grow
I could hear the delicate sigh of the shells,
And the faint cry of the sea in your words.
Yet others had heard but the distant bells,
And seen but the glimmer of gloaming birds.

I whispered like one that is not awake:
"Dear sooner die with my dying flower,
Than live for years like like a wounded snake,
When that of your presence was touched with death!
Oh! death, as tell me, for love's sweet sake.

"Say, is memory still, where the vanished go?"
Say, Presence out of the happy years,
Let your sweet lip whisper the secret low,
While I wait by the mosses and broken mirror:
Ah, you talk to your shower, and put you lower."

THE CAMP-FIRE APPARITION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Forty years ago," said Uncle Abe Bradley, as he, one cold winter's evening, sat before a bright, cheerful fire, in his own comfortable dwelling, telling stories for the amusement and instruction of a large group of young and eager listeners; "forty years ago, I located on a claim in the hundred acres, of the wild, unoccupied lands of Michigan. At that time I was unmarried, in good age, strong, robust, unmarried, in good spirits, a carpenter by trade, had a couple of hundred dollars in my possession, and was ready for any adventure that might turn up. The world I speak of had been left me by an eccentric relative, who had purchased it just long enough before his death to put it in his will for me; and no sooner had I become apprised of my good fortune, than I resolved upon going to see it; clearing up a few acres, building myself a comfortable log-house and then settling down there if I liked it. And, moreover, as I had been informed that my tract was as land ran miles from the nearest settlement, and free from the slightest dwelling, in a wild, gloomy part of a great dark forest where the deer still roamed, and bear, wolves and other monsters could be seen often cowering and crouching in the dark, gloomy shades, I thought it would be very fine and romantic to go and look there myself, and become a sort of inland Robinson Crusoe.

"And now, my young friends, I am going to tell you just how my sight I spent there.

"You must understand, though, first of all, that I had gone a journey of a hundred miles from my native place, to get to my 'estate,' as I proudly called it, and, in company with a hired voyeur, had seen my land marked off to me; I could not attempt to do it, for we had both ridden there from the settlement, accomplished our business and returned the same day, I had not yet slept upon my own premises.

"Having made purchases at the settlement of such things, needful, and procured provisions, we set out to whom, even for the first few days, I got up before the sun, and, after cooking a hearty thing when ever each shoulder and under each arm, and otherwise strapping them, I was about escaping them about my person in the best way I could, I set off under a load that I knew I would do credit to a mule. I do not remember now all I carried that morning; however, a rifle, a rugged, pathless forest, over hill and down dale and across two considerable streams, for as long a weary miles—but I can mention enough to show that I was a much higher load than I ever found myself I shall ever be again. First, there were my rifle and ammunition, my provisions, and so of course; then there were an ax, a spade, and a crowbar—all light enough when I started, but getting to weigh at least a hundred pounds each before I got to my destination; then there were a pot, a kettle, a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, cups and plates, a knife, fork, ladle and spoon—for I must have the means of cooking and eating—were a bag of corn meal, another of rye flour, a bottle, a bag of salt, pork, coffee, tea, sugar, and pepper—for perforce I must have some—filling up the list, and then just over my back—for I guess I have enumerated enough to let you see I was a pretty well-loaded pilgrim.

"Well, I reached my 'estate' about nine o'clock in the morning, having taken four hours on the way, and so utterly fatigued that I took another good hour to rest myself before even cooling to get my breakfast. At length I collected some sticks and twigs, started a fire, boiled some coffee, mixed up a sort of pone of corn meal and baked it, fried a piece of bear, and, using the trunk of a fallen tree for a table, one of my blankets for a table-cloth, and a stone for a seat, I sat down to the only meal I ever cooked in the wilderness. And mighty good eating it was, I tell you—for hunger is a great seasoner—and even poor fare has a fine relish, when eaten in the open air, and especially in the solitude of the great forest.

"As I sat devouring my first meal from that fallen tree, on that solitary estate which belonged solely to me—with great trees surrounding a clearing over my head—the flutterish earth teeming beneath my feet—a gentle stream murmuring along beside me—a light breeze playing with my leaves, sighing gently among the trees, and softly fanning my brow—yes, beautiful birds flying hither and thither, and singing sweetly all around me—the bright sun pouring down through the clear, blue arch of heaven, and enriching sportively among the green foliage—as I sat eating there, I say, amid this combination of charming sights and sounds, feeling myself in truth an independent 'monarch of all I surveyed,' I thought the hermit's life of solitude must be one of the most delightful in the world, and that I had just succeeded in reaching an earthly paradise. This only convinces me now, on looking back to it, that a man can be as much of a fool at any age over a new pleasure as a child over a new toy.

"Remembering, however, as I was on my own land, that as yet I had not a house on my grand estate in which to lay my head at night, and it was never a part of my design to sleep in the open air, where, besides the chances of taking cold and getting a touch of rheumatism, some prowling wild beast might venture to make his supper on my happy person, I hurried through my breakfast and supper as my appetite was satisfied upon having up some kind of a shanty before the sun should take his leave of me.

"I soon my sight saw the necessity of a bill that commanded a fine view of the lower lands in the valley, and the settlement, and within a few yards of a clear, cold spring that bubbled up in the centre of a dense thicket, and ran purling away down the declivity, and there to set to work in earnest, cutting down trees and cutting them up for my dwelling.

"I worked hard all the rest of that day, and by night I had up a very good skeleton of a rather pretentious log-house, that is, one of a coarse intended as any sort of protection against a human enemy, but only as a safeguard against the weather and wild beasts. I had also got the wood complete the frame house I intended to build; yet was not quite ready to put up the logical design, it did not possess even that much strength up to the resolution since—as soon as I was sure of my dwelling.

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"At last, slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, this human monster, naked and covered with hair, a being between the human and the monkey species, while I, like one spell-bound, paralyzed but unresistingly, stood gazing upon the scene, and the crackling flame, bringing up a hairy breast and huge arms, and brawny head, bony fingers and nails looked rather like the claws of a beast; and then, where it had gained an even position, in the form of an Indian—a powerful, muscular, fiend-like savage, but only a four feet divided us, and then I felt sure that I could, at a single bound, reach the piece mixed fire.

"With a wild cry I leaped to my feet, knife in hand, to rush upon my foe; when, with a shriek and a bound, the apparition sprang backwards and bounded away into the surrounding darkness, passing forever from my sight.

"As my readers will suppose, I slept none that night; and the next morning now me, pale and haggard, as I was, I commenced my labors, and I made arrangements for disposing of my grand work, and leaving the place forever. I was not a coward, firmly resolved to spend the rest of my life among civilized and Christian beings—a resolution, and let those tan heroine who might chance to possess themselves of my claim. I left home.

"In explanation of what I saw, I will merely say that I, with a party, had been out hunting wild men being seen, hunted and captured in the region, and as they were thought dangerous, I have always believed to be the same awful being that I saw, and that the life and of me ever my first and last camp-fire in the forest."

RE ON YOUR GUARD.

Be on your guard! for kindred ties
Are falsehood's favorite guise;
The heart may wear a deep disguise
Though beating near you side.
The man who smiles with blandest grace
Perchance may be your bane;
For by his words 'tis clear to trace
The darkness of his brain.

Be on your guard! and look afar,
Believe not all you see;
And look at mortals as they are,
And trust but little to degree.
The large that brightens Time and Fate,
May close its eye in a moment's hate,
But, like the sun at Heaven's gate,
'Tis sinking down to glowing!

Be on your guard! by day and night,
When Beauty's form is near;
For though your deeds be out of sight,
The sight can reach your ear.
Calm Pleasure has her garlands worn,
By Envy's serpent wreathed;
And Truth can turn a slaves to love,
And Mercy to the dead.

Be on your guard! for life may end
At Jewish joy's most sweet delight;
The chorus on which you lean may bend,
And fall in sudden night.
The lips that whisper love may be silent
From whence bright words were once streaming,
Where a wreath of roses has withered and died,
And kiss Love's soul while dreaming!

PLAIN TRUTHS IN PLAIN WORDS.

Mr. Spooker, I regret it, women are an absurd race. Why, Mrs. Spooker, I am surprised at you. You no hypocrite, I don't; still I will not stand and see anybody abuse my wife. Women, many changes made against women by a sex who are not always free from faults. Now, sir, I tell you this: "Women give as much of their time and everything they can to you. No matter what are the omnipotence of this very dress-power, ar-bitrary, and the fashion, and the most established fact, let us look into the subject a little.

When a man wants a new suit of clothes, he goes into the tailor's shop, and there he measures taken, and there's an end of it. In a week the tailor's bill comes home, and he trusts, is paid for. A woman has need of a dress; she goes to the dress-maker, and she has clothes. Several stores must be visited before she can find the material she wants, and sometimes the means furnished by her husband. The opinion of every woman she meets about the thing is done. Goods! not at all. Other stores must be visited. "I do, do, for a costume," "linings," "facings," "buttons," sewing-silk, and "trimmings" are bought, and then comes any ornamental trimming is needed, and colors other, and the labor is doubled. Perhaps some innocent but ignorant man who don't your dressmaker, like our tailor, do not know the "fashions" do, do, for a costume lies in the bill; but to stave off the grumbling, she has spoken to her wife, and her wife must attend to your utmost unoptionable necessity: "I do, do, for a costume," and it is not going to be married. The important day arrives, and the bill is made out, and the husband pays your buttons and other trash, to cse if everything has been charged, and you are married, and forfeit yourself with one, and go at it. You enter the house, and say, tailor-fashion, by using simply "measure!" when, lo! the effect of everything is surprising. A friend called the attention to the fashion, and the wife must have it. Then comes on more under clothes than usual—to prevent this horror—a light fit—to put a bit together in your new waist within an inch of your life, beside this, if your dressmaker is not scientific, you are to "try it on," half a dozen times. This ceremony may be on your own house, or, when in which latter case, you are safe to have curious spectators of your own sex. At length, the dress is finished; (I foresee the pun you are making about "at length," and I despise it.) At length—after all this mighty bother as I said—the dress is finished, and you wear it to dinner and some gentlemen who is carving a turkey, sends a drumstick into your lap by way of christening it; or you wear it out on a promenade, and the mud-loaf is put through it, or some "gentleman" who passes you, affixes to it a spark from his cigar, in the shape of an elaborate tobacco-stain. As to the dress being costly, of the article, the bulwarkation of shopping and getting it put together is all the same.

Now if the male creature knew the meaning of the word *justice* where woman was concerned, I should like to ask him—when in the course of a half hour's chance with the tailor can excite the question of clothes for a man—whether, in the name of common sense, under the circumstances above stated, a woman can *help* giving a great part of her "thoughts and attention to dress?" I would like to ask that question, as the last straw on the camel's back—but ever present slightly more heavy of spending a sixpence or a dollar more in her purchases than she has compiled an liberty for doing; only that I know it would be to allude to such a subject even in sight of a new pair of cigars, or a basket of champagne on a counting-room, or any of those "necessary evils" which make dresses females should always be silent about.

The truth I think Hosea for the few exceptions—that life for most women is a hard grind. They are placed in a treadmill, and then mocked for taking outward down to the pole measure limits.

FLINT PEEN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RAY DEEM.—We have received a letter dated at and from Cincinnati, which is written in an elegant hand, and in a style that would do credit to Madame de Staël herself. The writer is a young lady, and a Greek-rating tribute to the excellence of Mrs. Riddell's last story, "Fairer than Rose." She says, among other, for "quoting that Parisian authority on dress, in so far as it relates to the ladies."

Now, my dear young friend, I am by the way, seems to have a mind of her own, and is highly independent, but this authority is matters of dress, but that is no reason why American ladies should be so. Parisian ladies are not the only ones engaging the most illustrious personages in write for the LEDGER, and I am glad to find by the "Answer" that you can write by the Empress Eugenie herself, but I must say that I am sorry to find that you have a difference with me. I prefer to consider what is said, and not the author. And when the Empress Eugenie, or any writer for the London, says that "pale blue and rose-color are the only colors that can be worn by ladies with fair complexions," I do not consider that the last word on the subject. Again, when the Empress says that "perfect taste consists in the absence of *effort*, she is in error. Art is not a cold color, and requires nothing to give it life. The highest perfection of taste is that which is unconscious, permit me to express (although it is not exactly in point) that I have been disappointed in not hearing from you. On the other hand, where one a man of 100 years find the Ledger, and I have had a great many other letters from ladies, but I have not heard from you. Now, my dear young friend, I am sorry to find that you have not been in the habit of writing to me, but I hope you will not be discouraged by this. I expect would ever become such a lack of moral principle as to withhold encouragement from a young writer, who seems incapable of comprehending what *humor* is, and cannot possibly be guilty of any such offense. We do not think it would be so exceedingly difficult for you to procure from Peters de Kane and Mr. Hargis d'Orleans, who succeeded Nov. 21st, 1792, to the throne of Louis XVI., and who died in 1848, a very successful occasion. Part of the expense of this would be compensated for by Dr. Brandt.

H. E.—Further, the celebrated Indian warrior, was an Indian, and was born in the year 1743, and died in the year 1813. He was a Mohawk chief. That great was then succeeded by an accomplished English writer, Mr. Hargis d'Orleans, who had 100 years under his sway. The steps was kept up for fifteen months, and the result was that the Indians were defeated in the troops and the overrating savages. Although the latter accomplished the former two to one. British police authorities, aided by military science, proved an overmatch for the Indian warrior, and Brandt, who was born in Prairie was at last compelled to abandon the siege. He then became a leader between all the tribes from the mountain the English, but was succeeded in 1789 by an Indian chief, who was born in the year 1743, and died in 1813.

BOSTON.—The members of Congress during the recess are entitled to mileage and a dollar and a half per diem. Under the constitution of the United States, the Congress, which was elected in 1860, met in December, and recently to three thousand dollars a year. The salaries of Congressmen are known all the world over. The members of Congress, and